Final's Light

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It was the first day of autumn. The beginning of the end of a cycle.
Naturally, some people are more sensitive to that than others. In my case, I feel a “seasonal depression”.

I'm in the park looking at pigeons for no reason, and I decide to go home so I can watch
the new episode of my fav anime and binge eating doryakis that I ordered on Amazon last week.
Yes, I wonder why I'm so obsessed about Japanese food, I mean, I've been eating rice bowls every morning for half-year or so now. I truly enjoy it tho’ and I wish not to stop such ritual, hopefully it doesn't wreck my health suck sussy baka habits, haha...

No matter how much my rituals help to alleviate my mental condition, it helps not, for I feel more blue than the azure sky that I’m looking at. The end of a cycle is always something I never look forward to. The end of something always feels so bitter, no matter how sweet the thing was beforehand.

But I don't mind it that much, life's about changes and adapting, new season, new depression, that's for sure!
Maybe I should order online an anime cosplay to help me cope with this sad feeling of mine, sure consumerism helps me to keep myself distracted about the real shit that actually is real,
and therefore not so pleasant to acknowledge.
Hmm, I think it'd be unbelievably awesome to cosplay as Hotsune Miko,
I shall look for some nice cosplay dresses on that shady Japanese online market of anime paraphernalia,
yeah I really thank my Japanese otaku friend who i met online while playing Wenshin Impact for recommending me that shop,

I barely understand Japanese but thankfully google translator helps me to translate those Niponic hieroglyphs (gosh I really wish I was a fluent Japanese speaker).
Anyway, is definitely worth the effort since their paraphernalia is insanely affordable, I must blow up my neetbux on some really cool Hotsune Miko cosplay (gosh I really heckin love Hotsune Miko ngl)

And yet no matter how much I try distracting myself, I fall back into the pit of desperation. Why does it even matter whether or not I do something that makes me happy? I know that nothing will ever stay the same. Why wait for the bitter end, when I can end it all right here and now? That way I can end on something nice, sweet, sugary, instead of depressing, sour and bitter.

Ohh noooo! Enough of suicidal idealizations!!! I can't commit seppuko till the new season of Jojitsu Gaisen comes out,
no no no no no, that wouldn't be much wise of me, I must preserve myself at all costs for now. Good animes sure
keep me motivated to keep breathing, I guess i was born to watch anime, I mean, what else is worth in this world of seriousness???
Gosh, I'm so thankful that Anime exists, may God bless the creator of Anime, the world became a better place for sure since
Japan started to produce animes...
Alright enough anime reveries, i forgot I need to go out and buy groceries but at the same time I truly don't wanna talk to people,
the dilemma of the usual, but yeah i can't starve myself to death because otherwise I wouldn't be able to watch more anime, shame on me if I don't go to the grocery shop before it closes.
Alright I wear my shoes and leave my apartment in the suburbs, it's still a long walk to the shop, ahhhh....

The store is full of produce, yet my consciousness is still buried deep inside of my mind. A mind that feels so full, yet so empty. A chaos that nobody can really see. A hurricane with me as the only victim, my mind being swirled away by a violent succession of thoughts that go from bad to worse.

I can’t even see what’s in front of me anymore, my inner thoughts are like a curtain that I can’t move. I feel asphyxiated.

I stare at the food shelves thinking about my insignificance in this universe, the price tags laugh at me while fueling my communist desires of an AI-powered utopia
where is basically impossible to starve, since AI systems dominate the agricultural productions
and logistics, and everything is autonomous and therefore food's free or almost.

Do I truly derive enjoyment from anything I do? Or do I just pretend that I rejoice in something, so that I don’t think of death. But why do I have such a visceral fear of death, when I’ve never tried it? It’s all just instinct. I wonder, why shouldn’t I try to get away from my instincts, as far away as possible, and dying surely is one, if not the best action. I mean, that way I wouldn’t have to think any longer, nor feel, nor have instincts to begin with.

Enough of nihilistic shop thoughts, I must head to the cash register so the soulless clerk can scan my shit and I can get back home to watch anime of course. They say all addictions are bad,
tho' I believe anime is an exception, what could go wrong if i just watch anime all day??
Exactly, nothing can go wrong at all!!! Hahaha, Anime is religion.

As I walk back from the grocery store, the bags in my hands, I can’t help but feel the useless weight of my thoughts. They weigh on me far more than the bags in my hands. They are like weights pulling me down, to the bottom of an ocean, where I’ll drown. But drowning, as painful as it is, sounds so peaceful. No loud sound, no one would hear, just me, myself and I. Just me. Dying.

After a long ass walk back to home, I finally arrive to my apartment, I climb the stairs while counting

the 67 stair steps, like I do every day, and have been doing for over 3 years now or so,
i find it a great way to meditate and give my mind some rest from all the negative noise that
my brain does.
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53
, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67...

Ooooooof, that was tiresome as usual, maybe i should think about moving to a building with elevator when my finances get better,
Meanwhile, I should look for a job instead and stop NEETing like I've been doing for 3 years straight.
I open my apartment's door and go cook myself ramen i bought, i still think that it doesn't have much
nutritional value this food and i might crippling myself right now with my current reckless diet but i'll add it a egg to
help it have a better nutritional value and good quality protein. I warm up the water on my electric kettle, and i think about life while
listening to the hot water in the kettle bubbling, yes, it truly feels like ASMR and i could fall asleep while listening to electric kettles bubbling,
i wonder if someone ever made an ASMR video for Wootoob of electric kettles boiling, gosh I wish to fall asleep this night while listening to electric kettle ASMR,
I hope I don't forget to do it.
I pour the hot water on my instant ramen cup, the warm plastic warms my cold hands, I hold it till I feel my flesh becoming ramen too, i love the hot feeling specially during the winter.
I sit at my table with my thoughts, but they get muffled with the yummy ramen i'm eating and i think not much about anything at all for 5 mins, ramen brings peace to my world anytime.

Sustenance is a vicious cycle. It feeds me for long enough to forget how important it is, and then I feel the disgusting primal need for energy. It

never ends, I’m just prolonging my existence, in a painfully slow manner. I have eaten for years, and now my taste buds have become accustomed to the food, to the point where whenever I think about it, I get disgusted by the mere fact that I’m eating. Why? Because I know how pointless existence is of course.

After getting a notification from a live show of my favorite Vtuber, I remember my purpose in life again.
I excitedly leave my kitchen while singing an anime intro theme song that has been stuck in my head for a while,
I head to my room and make myself comfy, and I start watching Uzuki's live on my laptop.
I notice something unusual about her live, I sense a hidden sadness in her voice, tho she still manages to sound kawaii and energetic as usual,
but there's definitely something off today with her. As an old subscriber, i watched many of her live videos, for years now, and I can definitely feel something unusual,
something less-happy, something hidden in her Nihongo, a very subtle disharmony on her vowels.
I start to feel concerned about it,
and I pay 5$ to send her a super-chat, to ask her if everything's fine. She replies to me in a tone-shifting way, so sudden that it actually raises my concerns,
even she now sounds more happy than ever. I find it very sus and I keep wonder if she's going through some hard struggle or so.
I spend more 10$ to send a super-chat with positive and motivational words, and she replies to me 'Arigatooo Gozaimasuuu' and does a huge smile with her virtual character.
Well, I now feel way better and I hope nothing serious happened.
I keep watching her live while she plays Wenshin Impact.
For almost half hour she plays incessantly the game, everything's fine and nothing too unusual until she starts to do crying noises amid the game match,

the live chat immediately gets flooded with messages from her subscribers asking 'what happened??!!' ; 'Uzuki-chan, are you alright?????' ; 'Is everything okay Uzuki-chan?? I'm starting to cry too!!!! (crying emojis)' Eventually Uzuki's crying intensifies instead of soothing, and she apologizes with her last words on her live 'Minna... Gomenasaiiii!!!' and suddenly quits the live show and goes offline.

I can’t escape sadness, not even through my escapist activities. It feels as if I’m drawn in by a black hole, slowly gravitating towards it, losing perception of time, space, and most of all, any semblance of positive emotions. I just wish I could put a stop to this cycle, so that, instead of cyclical, my train of thought, my experiences, they can be linear, like I feel they should be.

My mind bounces back to what happened on that Uzuki-chan's live. I, very concerned about such situation, I decide to look up for her social medias to keep my self-update about her concerning situation. While I scroll her Witter account, I come across an AD of anime figures, where it shows a really cool dark angel figure from the anime Breath Note. I find it very appealing and I instantly get excited and click it to look for more info and pictures.
The anime figure is extremely gorgeous and eerie at same time, it exactly matches my dark freakish tastes, so I force myself to log in on my WeyWall account and order that beautiful little dark angel statue from that website.

I Wait for the package for 3 days and it finally arrives. I unbox it very euphorically like I'm drugged by capitalism and the never-fulfilling consumerism.
I unwrap the plastics covering and protecting that fragile and delicate dark angel figure, and I place it on my table surrounded by all the others anime figures of my collection.
I look at the dark angel figure for almost half-hour, lost in my amusement for such creepy, yet perfect character.
The red eyes gazing at me like they want to burn my soul, the white wings contrasting with the black-colored body, such an interesting and frightening

aura, I'm so glad wasted my last NEETbux money of this month on this aesthetically
and scary anime figure.
I finally feel satiated with contemplating my new acquisition for my anime figurine collection and I go watch anime and do some menial house tasks.

After another long ass day of anime escapism, I feel my eyes getting heavier and heavier. I get up from my gaming chair decorated with random anime characters and I head to my comfy bed and I fall asleep
while hugging my Tomoku-chan's human pillow.

I start dreaming something not so happy, I'm up on the clouds, treading their soft cotton forms, but a dark-angel follows me. Their dark form contrasts with the white soft clouds, making it increasingly harder not to notice it. It feels like the clouds are starting to melt because of it, ruining the beauty of the peaceful cloudy scenario under the moonlight sky.
I start walking faster until I eventually feel myself falling, the clouds melting beneath my feet. I'm worried that this strange creature will get too close to me and touch me and perhaps do something else.
I truly start running and panicking at the same time while that eerie and strange winged-creature also paces up and even starts beating her wings to be able to not lose track of me.
I focus on the night cloudy sky horizon illuminated by night's sun. I look back again after running for over 20 minutes,
and I don't see that bizarre and spooky critter chasing me anymore with her red devil eyes of fiery rage, like they were sending me threats from hell.
So I look frontwards with an instant relief feeling from not getting chased anymore for such strange monstrosity.
But then that very horrific and macabre dark-angel form shows up in front of me like a ghost popping up from nowhere, and I scream and panic like the world was ending,
like if a wild beast caught me in the woods and I'm utterly defenseless in my human powerless form and I must instantly accept death.
I change direction tryna dodge that feral evil-angel but all my movements become useless while I start feeling claws and cold flesh gripping my

shoulders tightly. I can feel my warm blood oozing out of my fresh wounds, staining my back. The pain is excruciating, my heart starts racing, yet I cannot move a muscle.
As a last resort, I try to fall on the cloudy ground of this frightening night's sky, but I suddenly start rising in the air and flying against my will.
I couldn't see anybody but I did feel those evil claws and frozen hands, ones that are cold, even after having bathed in my warm blood. They are now taking me to nowhere on Earth and magically transporting me in the direction of the Arctic-colored Moon.
Suddenly the night becomes blinding and I start to see a very strong light that gradually blinds me totally and I'm not able to see wherever I'm going while getting hauled by the horrific red-eyed dark-angel and her sharp bloody claws, I can only feel her claws deeper and deeper into my flesh, tearing apart my limbs, staining the pure white moon, with my crimson blood. All the pleasure she derives from my suffering, I can feel it with every fiber of my being.

I wake up agonized and sweating, while I remember all the dream that became a super-nightmare somehow.
I grab my phone to check for notifications and what time is it, and I started scrolling social media.
I come across a post saying that a 21-year-old Vtuber committed suicide yesterday and I instantly get baited and sad about such news,
open the newspaper link to get more info.
I start reading the article and suddenly I cannot belief what I'm just reading, I find out that the Vtuber's name is 'Uzuki-chan' and I instantly look for Uzuki-chan's social media because I still in disbelief, and refuse to believe such news because I watched that Vtuber's live a few days ago and I even sent her a super-chat because I was getting truly concerned about her.
I'm on her Witter account and everything look normal until I clicked her posts and started reading many people's comments saying ' RIP Uzuki-chan (crying emojis)', ' I can't believe Uzuki-chan left us, I'll miss her!! (crying emojis/broken heart emojis)' , 'Please tell me this is not real, Uzuki-chan was my fav Vtuber ever!! (crying emojis spam)'.

My eyes start shedding tears and yet I didn't even full process it, these heart-breaking sad news.
I visit again her WouToob channel and watch her most recent videos while thinking that she left this world and never will come back and upload more videos or live-stream.
I'm paralyzed watching her content and I feel my heart crushed by such emotions and grief. I comment on her last video, I write a heartfelt farewell message like if she was able to read it in the after-life or so.
I feel exhausted and dead inside, I fall on my bed totally broken and hopeless about the world. I fall asleep in tears, even though it was morning and I just woke up 2 hours ago.
I sleep a few hours while forgetting about the decayed existence I was living in. I wake up again at noon, and I hear my tummy making noises. Even though I don't wanna feel or taste any food at all, I'm forced to drag my body out of my bed and keep myself alive by eating a spicy ramen cup. Nothing inside my apartment distracts me enough from the sad news about Uzuki-chan's death and my own grief.
I decide to take a walk outside and visit a nearby park, today's so cloudy and it's not only in this town, but my inner dark-clouds are covering my mind as well.
I sit on a park bench and I gaze at the cloudy sky while holding tears from my sadness, yet I'm not able to do so and I still clean my tears with my black hoodie sleeves.
I close my eyes with my face facing the ground, drowning in my inner darkness while hearing the birds singing.
Suddenly everything becomes silent and I open my eyes instantly while elevating my head to look at my surrounding but everything's gone and I only see a warming sun-colored light
surrounding me totally. I'm totally paralyzed and I can't do anything except observe this hallucination-like moment.
A winged-form shows up in my front, moving and getting closer to me, the wings grow and grow larger every step.
I have no option but to behold it without any movement or reaction. I'm intrigued about this appearance but at the same time, even this blinding light environment makes me panic, I feel warmed at the same time by it.

Finally the winged-form critter approaches me and I'm able to see its face clearly.
An androgynous countenance staring at me like no human eyes ever did before.
The otherworldly angel with its splendiferous wings approaches my face, and holds my chin with his feathered hands and his delicate claw-like blue shiny nails.
It steals my lips with the most ethereal kiss I ever experienced, my eyes close so I can look at my inner-self burning in ecstasy from this dreamlike moment and kiss.
And a thunderous reverberating horn sound starts, I open my eyes looking at the direction of that roaring powerful noise, but everything suddenly goes soundless and dark...

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